[ficlet] Halo-touching.

- Jul. 23rd, 2011 at 7:30 AM

Title: Halo-touching.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG for halo-touching and cuddling.
Warnings: Mentions of sex? None, really.
Pairings/Characters: Michael/Gabriel, pre-established relationship.
Word Count: 422 words!
Summary: Gabriel likes that expression on Michael's face.

Note: This is fic I owe **synnerxx** and it was supposed to be twitfic, but I like it so I'm posting it. :P

(He doesn't sit and consider it, though, and instead reaches to catch his own fingers in the bright ring of fire and gold that is Michael's halo.)

"I'm surprised you still have one," Michael muses, fingers buried in the ring of light hovering over Gabriel's head. "After what you did?"

Gabriel rumbles discontent, but doesn't move away, eyes still half-closed in bliss. Michael's fingers slide sideways in a half-circle and Gabriel arches, hands reaching up in a wordless motion of pleasure and a plea for more.

"Greedy," Michael chides, and lifts his fingers from the halo. "I should deny you pleasure for everything you've done."

Gabriel moans softly and shifts to sit up, and is half-surprised when Michael doesn't push him back down. He doesn't sit and consider it, though, and instead reaches to catch his own fingers in the bright ring of fire and gold that is Michael's halo.

It doesn't crackle like electricity under his fingers like he knows his own - bright golden silver that it is - does, but instead almost *burns*, but it is a cleansing fire, one that purifies rather than destroys aimlessly.

Gabriel supposes that it's his own fault that Michael's halo burns his fingers in a way that almost hurts, and shifts his attention away from the halo and to Michael's face - and there.

There is the reason he is catching fire in his fingers, that expression of bliss right there. Michael, eyes closed, expression almost trusting, but mostly Michael is

pleasured, blissed out - there are far too few ways that Gabriel knows of to draw that expression out of Michael. If he has enough time, a thorough wing grooming and petting can draw it out, and if he does it right, sex can sometimes - rarely - lead Michael to let slip that look, but that's it.

Michael is always guarded in his expression, in his movements, in everything, really. Gabriel savors the moments when he can overcome the barriers and get Michael to drop his guard.

"Stop staring," Michael mumbles, and Gabriel laughs before pressing a kiss to Michael's lips.

He doesn't take his fingers from Michael's halo, though, and when Michael reaches up to touch his once more, well -

Gabriel moans softly against Michael's lips and tightens his grip.

"We're not having sex like this," Michael warns.

"You're too holy," Gabriel tells him.

Michael makes a disapproving sound before Gabriel slides his fingers in a circle and yes, there -

Gabriel watches Michael's expression slide out of sternness and back into bliss and decides that he can pass up on the sex if he can just watch Michael look like this for a little longer.